



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

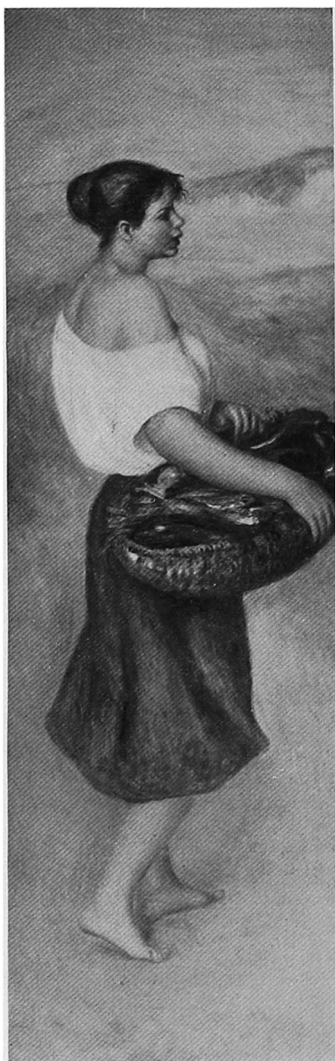
This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).



PÊCHEUSE  
Auguste Renoir



MARCHANDE D'ORANGES  
By Auguste Renoir  
(See article on Renoir)



PORTAIT DE MADEMOISELLE M. D. R.  
By Auguste Renoir

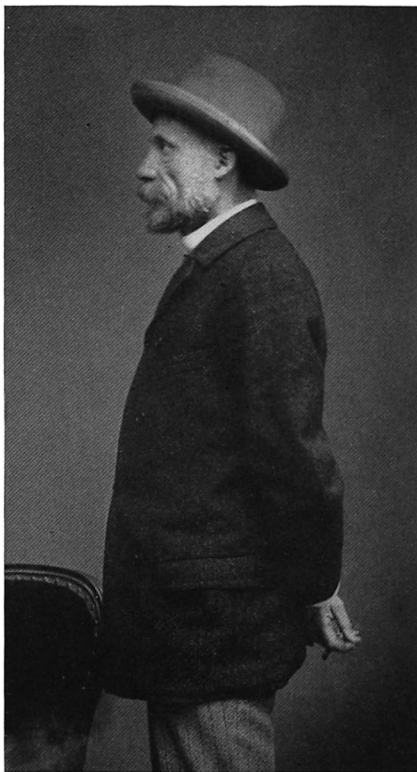


## AUGUSTE RENOIR, IMPRESSIONIST.

In a sense the history of the French impressionist school is summed up in the work of Auguste Renoir. His career extends uninterruptedly over forty years, and while he, perhaps, has not attained the exquisite color of a Monet, or the superb draughtsmanship of a Degas, it is nevertheless true that the output of his brush so fully expresses the ideas and methods of impressionistic art that if it alone were saved from general destruction it would bear witness to the entire movement.

The student of his work is perforce impressed with two things—his extreme versatility and his marked unevenness. He, doubtless, more than any other member of the school, has furnished material for the scoffer at impressionism, since he has offered canvas after canvas of trivial character and thin, discordant color; but, on the other hand, he has produced now and again miracles of *finesse* that compare favorably with the very best performances of the world's masters. This is true, whether we consider him as a painter of nudes, of portraits, of subject pictures, of landscapes, seascapes, or still life, in all of which he excels.

Like every other great painter, his work shows a marked evolution. At least three distinct manners may be detected in the product of his studio. Boucher's art apparently was his first ideal, and as Camille Mauclair pointed out in *L'Art Decoratif* in 1902, his early canvases show him to be a direct descendent of this artist. This is especially observable



AUGUSTE RENOIR  
From a Photograph



PAYSAGE

By Auguste Renoir

in his nudes — to which, by the way, he has been much addicted. They are strictly of the eighteenth century type, and the technique employed in them is identical with that of Boucher. He uses the same paint of soft brilliancy, laid on with absolute precision, favoring pinks and ivories, with strong blues as a relief, and light so distributed as almost to exclude shadows. And, withal, he incorporates a certain decorative effect that adds to the charm of the work.

Mauclair probably more than any writer has made a careful analysis of Renoir's art, and in this sketch of the artist and his career I shall follow very closely Mauclair's conclusions, as set forth in *L'Art Decoratif*. He points out the fact that Renoir's nude is neither that of Monet, nor of Degas, whose main concern was truth; nor is it that of the Academicians, that poetized nude arranged according to a pseudo-Greek ideal, which has nothing in common with contemporary women. Renoir's woman is the physically well-developed but mentally weak, and too often characterless creature of nature — a plump, full-breasted, sensuous animal, in a word, a rather coarse specimen of femininity. It is easy to understand why Renoir selected this type. He was not so much concerned with grace, symmetry, beauty of line, as with brilliancy of skin and



LA MERE  
By Auguste Renoir

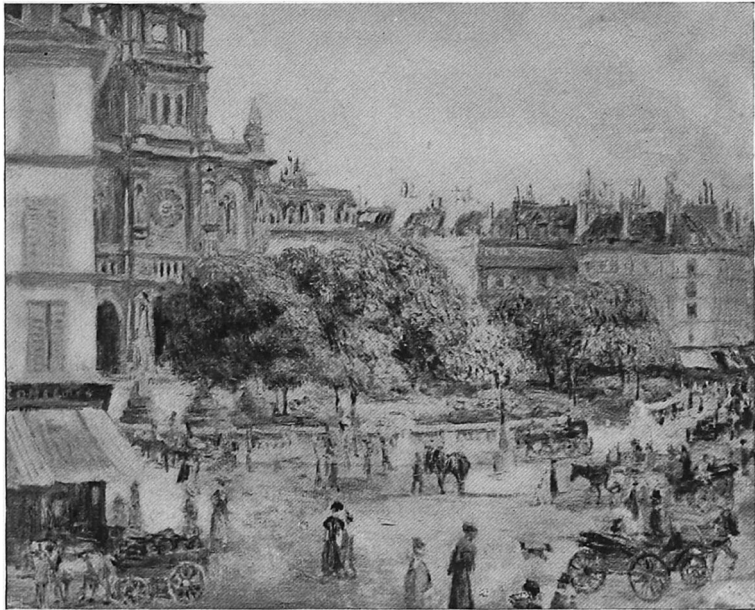
texture, if one may so express it, of flesh — something to put in a setting of landscape or foliage and offer opportunity for luminous effect. Hence, as Maclair says, his woman is luxuriant, firm, healthy, naïve, a powerful frame with comparatively small head, large eyes, full blood-red lips and dilated nostrils — a mixture of “Japanism,” savagism, and eighteenth-century taste. Among the scores of nudes Renoir has produced you will scarcely find a variant. To many, perhaps most people, they constitute the least interesting part of the artist’s work. Some are little more than bits of nakedness; in many there is an expressed or implied strain of coarseness, the animal dominating the human; others are superb as examples of womanly physique due to good feeding and plenty of exercise; but in none, or at least few, is there the saving clause of a thought, a sentiment, or a passion.

It is in Renoir’s portraits, figure pieces, landscapes, and seascapes that the student of art will find the deepest interest. It is here that he most distinctly becomes the impressionist. It is his second manner, in which he shows his relationship with Manet and especially with Monet, by whom he and Sisley were induced to leave Gleyre’s studio where they

had been pupils. Monet, be it said, was the one-day pupil of Gleyre, whose methods in no way met the young aspirant's ideas.

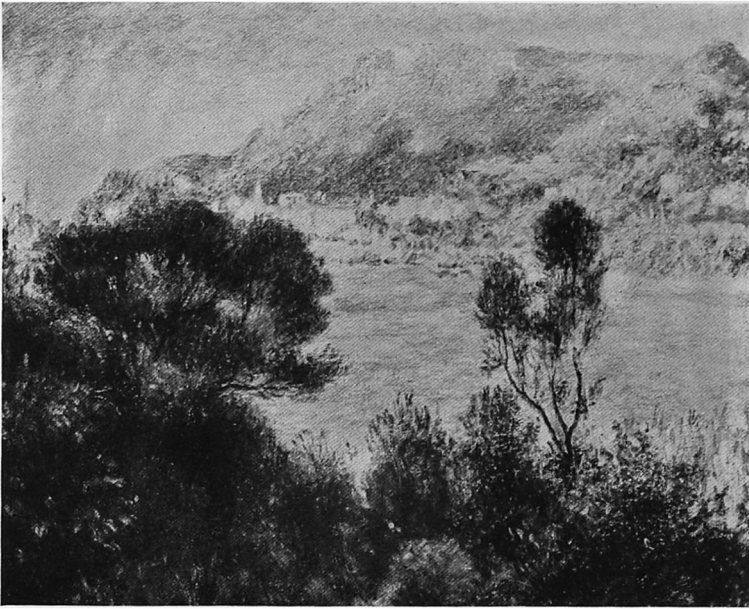
The word "impressionism," it should be noted, is at best an ineffective, if not misleading term, since every painter, however commonplace his vision, can paint only the impression he receives of the object painted. Impressionism, however, in the sense of the man who insists on viewing nature through his own eyes, ignoring the traditions of the studio and the impressions she has made on other minds, communing with her face to face continually, and reveling particularly in the luminosity of color, the subtle expressions of atmosphere, and the quick life manifested in sky, water, ground, and vegetation — impressionism in this sense became the watchword of the little group of men who have made their influence felt, if unacknowledged, by every painter who works in what we recognize as the modern spirit, and it is impressionism of this sort of which Renoir is one of the three or four great exponents.

Impressionism has correctly been termed the last century's most important contribution to pictorial art, and certainly Renoir has been one of its chief apostles. From the day he adopted the principle of mixing his



LA PLACE DE LA TRINITÉ À PARIS  
By Auguste Renoir

colors in the eye, instead of on the palette, he, with the exception hereafter to be noted, renounced his earlier method, and his canvases became a hatching of pigments calculated to render less the objects than their transparency across the atmosphere. Whether in portraiture, which he invariably does in a broad, frank way, or in landscapes and marines, his one aim has been to get luminosity, correct values, exact suggestion of depth. He has sought, and sought successfully, to steer clear of that false perfection which over-emphasizes petty details; to portion out accurately the interest of the different parts of his picture; to depict nature to the point where suggestion can best be left to supply minutiae. And over the whole he has cast the spell of intense atmospheric effect. It is in this second manner that his best works have been produced — "The Box," "The Terrace," "The Bal au Moulin de la Galette," "The First Step," "The Sleeping Woman with a Cat," "Dejeuner des Canotiers," his most striking portraits and his most beautiful landscapes and marines. Nor has he slavishly been tied to one technique. He has ever been a lover of experiment and at the same time capricious in his whim. Consequently in his best work there is an utter absence of mannerism, or perhaps one had better say there are many manners in his second manner. This has



GORDEGHERA  
By Auguste Renoir





MARCHANDE D'ORANGES  
By Auguste Renoir

been well set forth by Mauclair, and I will quote his own appreciative words:

"There are some landscapes," says he, "that are reminiscent of Corot or of Anton Mauve; the 'Woman with the Broken Neck' is related to Manet; the 'Portrait of Sisley' invents pointillism fifteen years before the pointillists; 'La Pensée,' this masterpiece, evokes Hoppner. But in everything reappears the invincible French instinct: the 'Jeune Fille au Panier' is a *Geeuze* painted by an impressionist; the delightful 'Jeune Fille à la Promenade' is connected with Fragonard; 'The Box,' a perfect marvel of elegance and knowledge,

condenses the whole worldliness of 1875. The 'portrait of Jeanne Samary' is an evocation of the most beautiful portraits of the eighteenth century, a poem of white satin and golden hair.

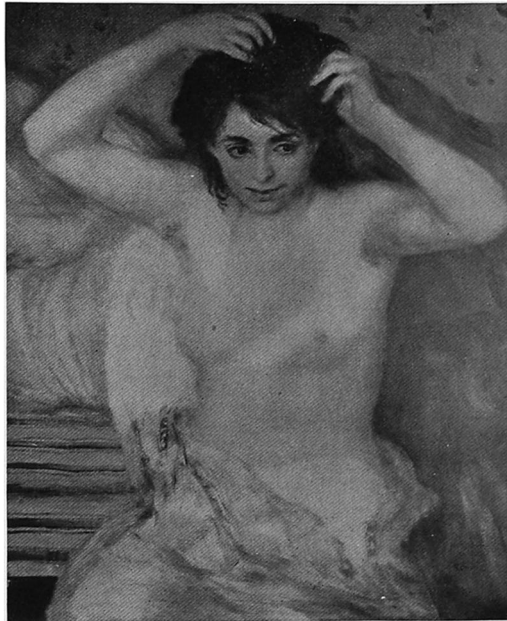
"Renoir's realism," continues Mauclair in exposition of the artist's qualities, "bears in spite of all, the imprint of the lyric spirit and of sweetness. It has neither the nervous veracity of Manet, nor the bitterness of Degas, who both love their epoch and find it interesting without idealizing it, and who have the vision of psychologist novelists. Before everything else he is a painter, what he sees in 'the Bal au Moulin de la Galette' are not the stigmata of vice and impudence, the ridiculous and sad sides of the doubtful types of this low resort. He sees the gaiety of Sundays, the flashes of the sun, the odnity of a crowd carried away by the rhythm of the waltzes, the laughter, the clicking of glasses, the vibrating and hot atmosphere; and he applies to this spectacle of joyous vulgarity his gifts as a sumptuous colorist, the arabesque of the lines, the gracefulness of his bathers, and the happy eurythmy of his soul. The straw hats are changed

into gold, the blue jackets are sapphires, and out of a still exact realism is born a poem of light—the product of his poetic vision and treatment.

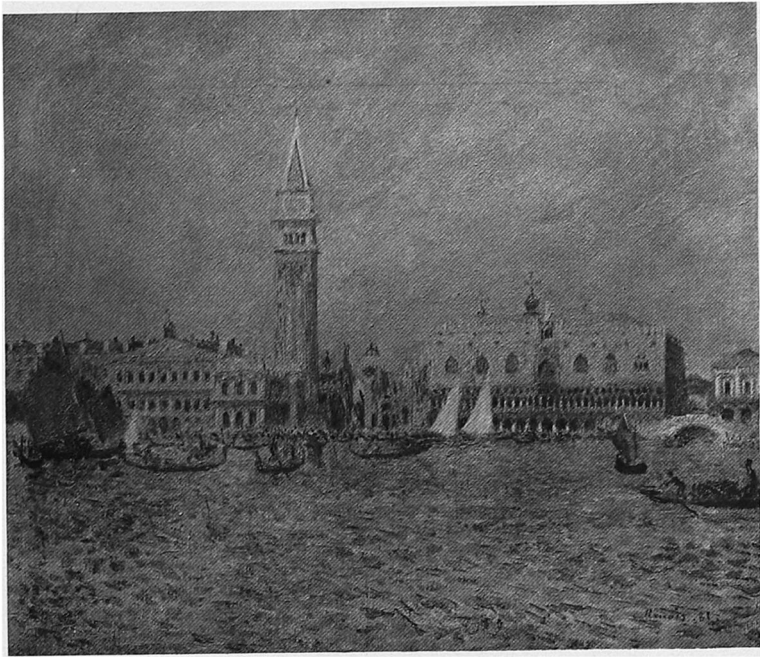
The “*Dejeuner des Canotiers*” is a subject which has been painted a hundred times, either for the purpose of studying popular types, or of painting white tablecloths amidst sunny foliage. Yet Renoir is the only painter who has raised this small subject to the proportions and the style of a large canvas, through the pictorial charm and the masterly richness of the arrangement. “*The Box*,” conceived in a low harmony, in a golden twilight, is a work worthy of Reynolds. The pale and attentive face of the lady makes one think of the great English master’s best works; the necklace, the flesh, the flounce of lace, and the hands are marvels of skill and taste, which the greatest modern virtuosos, Sargent and Besnard, have not surpassed, and as far as the man in the background is concerned, his white waistcoat, his dress-coat, his gloved hand would suffice to secure the fame of a painter.

“‘*The Sleeping Woman*,’ ‘*The First Step*,’ ‘*The Terrace*,’ and the decorative ‘*Dance*’ panels reveal Renoir as an *intimiste* and an admirable painter of children. His strange coloring and his gifts of grasping nature and of ingenuity — strangers to all decadent complexity — have allowed him to rank among the best of those who have expressed childhood in its true aspect, without overloading it with over-precocious thoughts. Finally Renoir is a painter of flowers of dazzling variety and exquisite splendor. They supply him with inexhaustible pretexts for suave and subtle harmonies.”

Renoir’s third manner need not detain us long. There are not wanting those who regard it as the decadence of his art. Rather, probably, it is to be considered as the mere license of capri-



BUSTE DE FEMME  
By Auguste Renoir



LE GRAND CANAL À VENISE  
By Auguste Renoir

ciousness. The artist deliberately combines and confuses his two earlier manners, using paint brush and palette knife indiscriminately, and essaying color schemes so unusual and out of the way as to suggest a straining for effect. In a word, in these oddities—many of which are remarkable for their beauty—he is neither realist nor idealist, nor is he insistent on taste or sanity. He simply strives for harmonies, and the greater the element of novelty he can introduce the better it suits him — pink, crushed strawberry, lemon, viridian, the whole gamut of fade-shades and off-tints. Occasionally, by way of variation, he indulges in strong primary colors. That these lucubrations are unworthy, one would hesitate to say, since many of them are quite revelations as regards what is possible to effect with color. But they certainly present a hopeless confusion of methods, manners, principles, throw taste and judgment to the winds, and offer nothing likely to add to the fame of the artist. It is best perhaps, to regard them in the light of experiments, as it may be best to consider his nudes as the product of immaturity. At any rate the works produced after his second manner are the ones on which Renoir's enduring fame will rest.

HENRY MORRISON.



LA FERNE  
By Auguste Renoir

## A SEVERE LOSS TO THE ART WORLD

When Edward F. Searles, in February 1893, deeded to the regents of the University of California the great Mark Hopkins mansion on historic "Nob Hill" in San Francisco, for use as an Art Museum, he little dreamed that a terrible disaster would completely destroy both the building and its contents; thus robbing the Pacific Coast of its most important art possession. In its elevated position every window of the building, as well as its broad verandas commanded a magnificent view of the busy thoroughfares of the city, of the bay and shipping, the outlying islands, and the towns on the opposite shores. By day it presented a superb panorama, while at night the myriads of dancing lights with misty shadows suggested an Arabian Night's vision. The structure was unfortunately not in esthetic harmony with its admirable vista; architecturally it was inartistic and commonplace, though of vast proportions. The interior decorations were extremely ornate, of the most exaggerated style of a generation ago. The display of rare woods, however, was wonderful, and the carvings very elaborate and

beautifully executed. In the great halls and chambers ebony, rosewood cocobolas, pear, and elm had been employed in a more lavish manner than ever before attempted. For its final purpose the large drawing-rooms and galleries were essentially well fitted; with high ceilings and an abundance of light, they proved very suitable to the exhibition of works of art.

By the additional gift of the "Mary Frances Searles Gallery," in 1899,

had been provided an appropriate place in which special exhibitions might be held; the art school had previous to this been transferred to a separate home constructed in the rear of the main building. Liberally endowed by the donor, the Institute was the rendezvous of the art lovers of the entire Pacific Coast. In addition to all these munificent gifts, Mr. Searles continued to show his constant interest by annually enriching the Museum with paintings of value. He had already contributed, among a great many other canvases from celebrated artists here and abroad, such renowned works as Gérôme's "Call to Prayer," Benjamin-Constant's "The Captives," and De Haas's "Storm off the Coast."

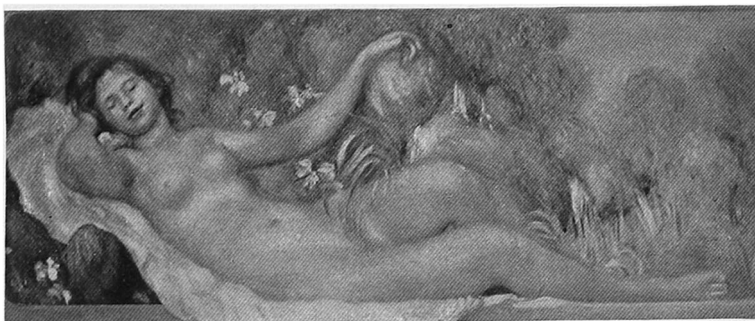
Emulating the example of the founder, Collis P. Huntington, Hon. James D. Phelan, and others, had generously presented a number of rare



PORTRAIT  
By Auguste Renoir

and interesting paintings by early California artists. These, together with Mrs. Benjamin P. Avery's collection, formed a valuable representation of the work of Thomas Hill, the veteran painter of the Yosemite; Tavernier Brookes, William Keith, Julian Rix, and Jules Pages who was the first "native son" pupil of the Mark Hopkins Institute to receive the highest honors of the Paris Salon. Toby Rosenthal, Alexander Harrison, and Humphrey Moore, the celebrated deaf-mute painter, with many lesser lights of the Western firmament of art had found a place within its shrine.

Important in artistic value were the paintings loaned by Miss Jennie C. Bull, among which were "Sunset on the Seine" by Iwill, "Return from Pasture" by Brissot, "Return from the Hunt" by Kowalski, "Land-



LA SOURCE  
By Auguste Renoir

## SALON OF THE DILETTANTI—VI

### THE CULT OF THE UNWORTHY

It was an old saw, the Observer remarked, that a man was known by the company he kept—and was judged accordingly. He wanted to know if it wasn't logic and equity that an artist should be known by the ideals he lived with—and be welcomed or cut by his friends, the public, according to the tangible evidences of his intimacy. It was bad enough to know—and we all knew it—that muck existed. Was it worth while for an artist to run around with a rake, and then give a pictorial exhibition of his find? Was it worth while for a painter to waste time on any paltry, trivial, unworthy or off-color subject? It was all very well to say that beauty—and there was a certain beauty in everything—was its own excuse for being. It was in fact; but was it in paint, was it in bronze, or marble?

It might be that it was not the function of art to educate, but the Observer had a notion that it was its function to exalt. Was it enough merely to please, or amuse, or merely to surprise? As well say there was no difference in quality—technique, the tricks of the trade, out of the question—between Saint Gaudens's "Sherman," with its rapt note of patriotic devotion, and Biondi's "Saturnalia," with its implied stench of moral rottenness. As well say that Gericault's besotted "Silenus," held on his ass, in drunken rout, was as noble a figure as Holman Hunt's "The Light of the World"—the Christ with His message of "on earth peace, good will to men." In a word, was any work of art worth the pains spent on it when the best thing that could be said of it was, that it was well done?

Had it a worthy meaning, had it an exalted message, did it bring the beholder nearer to nature, or strengthen the ties between man and man, did it chasten the soul or refine the heart, did it open up new vistas of beauty, sentiment, truth? Or did it simply tell a platitude in paint, rehearse a

story from the green room, reflect a side-light from the slums, give an echo of social insanity, depict a pig-stye or canned beef on the hoof, give a section of Sullivan's potato patch with the evidences of drought or bugs? These, the Observer thought, were vital questions, more vital than were usually taken into consideration in art criticism commonly published.

It was the fashion nowadays, the Observer continued, to regard Ruskin

as an old woman who took to art criticism for lack of stockings to mend—the implication being that his habit of seeing the inutility of holes in socks made him prone to see the inutility of most art as artists painted it. Nevertheless there was more sanity than scoffing in his classification of artists—“Those who perceive and pursue the good, and leave the evil; those who perceive and pursue the good and evil together, the whole thing as it verily is; and those who perceive and pursue the evil, and leave the good.”

As well adopt Lamb's terser classification of mankind into those who borrowed and

those who lent, ventured one of the Dilettanti. The Observer admitted that Lamb's classification was equally applicable to artists, but its basis was commercial, and the commercial side of artistic life it was just as well to keep under a screen.

Nothing disconcerted by the interruption, the Observer continued that the first group in Ruskin's category were to be eulogized and emulated; the second were to be tolerated; the third were to be put under key, and the key lost. Art with a taint, art with an innuendo, art with a suggestion of the brutal or bestial, art with a paucity of thought or sentiment was to him bad art, no matter how well it was done; and the artist, who dreamed dreams and saw visions, he thought, should be gauged not by his ability as a *raconteur* in color, but by what he dreamed and saw. Common charity



UNE LOGE AU THÉÂTRE  
By Auguste Renoir.

couldn't the same artists have put into more wholesome subjects an equal element of beauty? Did not artists' liberty too often run into license?

Did Zola tell the world anything it didn't know in "Nana," or George Moore in "Esther Waters," or other writers in the "The Woman Who Did" and "The Woman Who Didn't" and literature of similar stamp? Was the story worth retelling? And so with many of the art works offered to the public. Had Degas added to the world's store of the beautiful by delineating with such anatomical fidelity the abnormal leg muscles and toe formation of the ballet girl? What was a characteristic Vibert? A certain brand of cardinal paint, plus draughtsmanship, plus a suggestion of impropriety too *risqué* to be expressed in polite society. Was it worthy? Grützner emphasized the worst side of monastic life, and his saving clause was his good humor. Was it worth while? We were all exercised for a time over



JEUNE FILLE AU PANIER  
By Auguste Renoir

the possible destruction of "The Man with a Hoe" in San Francisco, but would Millet's niche in fame be less secure if he had left out of his pictures the manure heaps, and the sweat and the sordidness, and the other evidences of abject, sodden life, and painted the dignity and contentment of humble lot, not its degradation? Would art be the loser if the matador scenes, and cock fights, and drinking bouts, and styes, human and bestial—everything that savored of the inconsequential, the meaningless, the brutal, the sodden was wiped out?

Why should the world have thrust upon it, in the name of art, pictures of deformity, ugliness, obliquity, inanity, mental vacuity, spiritual poverty—anything out of tune with great, righteous manhood and pure, honorable womanhood, with glorious nature, with the full life that should be, but too



often was not? You might paint a sock so natural that it smelled, and after all what would you have? A sock. Or a stye so natural you could fancy the pigs grunting, and after all you would have little more than a suggestion of sausage. Or a \$10 bill so natural that it might pass as legal tender, and for your pains you would be liable to arrest. Or the glare and



MONET PEIGNANT DANS SON JARDIN  
By Auguste Renoir

fumes of the pot-house to perfection, and have merely a prophetic symbol of to-morrow's headache. Or any form of low life, degraded habit, besotted condition, brutal practice, meanness, pettiness, sordidness, depravity as man made it and God wouldn't have it, and have mainly an exhibition of personal cleverness, perhaps power—and a sore spot in the heart to rankle, perhaps fester. Or an average nude—there were exceptions—and have simply a suggestion of sex. Apropos of nudes, the Observer recalled, the professor's words to the teacher who asserted the superior authority of lady disciplinarians over boys. "Madam," said he, "it is not the superior authority of the lady teachers, but the recognition of sex by the boys." A thought worth considering by the many painters of the female form divine.

But wasn't an artist justified, one of the Dilettanti asked, in painting

homely scenes and homely people? Assuredly, returned the Observer, if the thing or the person painted had sufficient character to warrant it. The sand dunes of Holland were as instinct with beauty—why didn't the Dutch artists paint them more, and quit, for a time at least, their eternal poverty pictures of cottage interiors, which are all alike?—as the altitudes of the



MARÉE CASSE, YPORT  
By Auguste Renoir

Alps; and the flats of Arizona—Groll had shown this—as the heights of the Adirondacks. And as for faces, many a model, silvered by years and lined by experience into benevolence, but lacking all charm but the charm of character, was more exquisitely beautiful than the belles and debutantes, the queens, and near-queens of society. Character, that was the watchword. Sweet sixteen, for instance, was too often a misnomer for simpering sixteen. Many a face lacking curves of beauty but checkered with the witness of thought, many a visage scarred and seamed but instinct with manhood was better suited to the purposes of art than that of a twentieth century Apollo.

Out of the fulness of your hearts shall ye preach, was a dictum as old as Christianity, concluded the Observer, and one that had stood the test of